The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Some Good Angels.

"WHERE are the good angels, mamma?
Their footsteps I never can hear,
Do they linger around, or wander afar,
Or fly like birds through the air?"

"The angels of faith and of hope,
Will help us our burdens to bear;
Though dark be the skies and rugged the way,
We never can yield to despair.

The angels of patience and love,
Will keep us from anger and sin;
So gladly we'll open the door of our hearts,
And let the good angels come in.

We cherish our beautiful flowers,
Though they blossom and fade in a day;
They lighten our sorrows, and gladden our hours,
Ere they wither and pass to decay.

The flowers of fancy may bloom,
Though sorrow its shadow may fling,
And the angel of peace abide in our home
And rob even death of its sting.

A. S. T.

Which is King?

"I," said the HEAD, "for I am wise:
I am the king, I can devise;
Without me you would fail to plan;
I am the sun-crowned gift of man."

"I," said the HEART, "for I can feel;
I am the chief, I can reveal
The life that pants within, and you
Without me would not be so true."

"I," said the HAND, "for I can do
The very things that each of you
Suggest; the pulsing heart may throb,
The head may think; I do the job."

O busy HAND and HEAD and HEART,
Each can do little when apart;
Think, throb, and toil in union here,
For each is king within his sphere.

Children's Friend.

For the Myrtle.

The Party.

MARY FRANCES was the daughter of Mr. Goodhue, the attorney of the village. She was but eight years of age, yet she was as large as most girls who have reached their tenth year. She had a full round face, and large blue eyes which looked very good-natured when anybody spoke to her. She had a little brother named John, who was only three years old; and Mary Frances was very fond of him. He loved her very much because she was never impatient toward him. If he wanted to cross a brook, Mary Frances would take him up in her arms and lift him carefully over it. She would let him hold her doll, though it cost five dollars, and her father bought it in Boston.

The house of Mr. Goodhue stood some distance from the road, as there was a large green yard in front of it, with a flower garden. In this garden were large red roses, white roses, carnation pinks, sweet-williams, eglantine, and lilacs in abundance. Besides these there were mint, sage, and other herbs. On one side of the house grew mustard, burdocks, and those bell-shaped flowers called hollyhocks. Beyond, there

was a long avenue shaded by tall and wide-branching trees. At the bottom of the avenue was the stable, where the horses and carriage were kept. Behind the house was a garden in which potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, cabbages, pumpkins, and water-melons were planted. Beyond the garden were a large field of corn, an apple orchard, a peach orchard, and a number of cherry trees. On the other side of the house was a meadow, with a beautiful pond; and there were large willow trees by the side of the water, the branches of which hung so low that they nearly touched the surface of the pond.

One day, about the middle of June, Mary Frances saw from an upper window, a great dust sweeping along the road, as it was carried forward by the wind. Then she knew that a carriage was coming. Very soon she heard the roaring of the wheels. She stood watching the carriage until it suddenly stopped opposite the house. Then Mary Frances ran down stairs to her mother, who was giving directions to the maid in the kitchen, and cried out:

"Look here, mother, somebody has come to pay us a visit. A carryall has stopped in the road."

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodhue, "it is the widow Thompson and her children, who will spend a couple of days with us. Tell John to take charge of the carriage and the horses."

Mrs. Goodhue then ran out, followed by Mary Frances, to meet the visitors as they came through the garden, and to tell them that she was very glad to see them. Mrs. Thompson had brought three children with her. One of them was a girl, just one year older than Mary Frances. Her name was Emeline. Another was a younger girl named Jane, and the youngest of the three was a little boy only two years old, whose name was Charles.

Mary Frances flew into the arms of Emeline, for she had not seen her since Christmas. Mrs. Goodhue walked with widow Thompson toward the house, and they talked earnestly together, while Emeline and Mary Frances followed more slowly. Emeline was much engaged with the flowers that grew along the sides of the path, and she was obliged to assist her little brother who toddled slowly at her side.

But there was another visitor who must not be forgotten. It was a large dog named Cesar, with long hair, and a bushy tail. He had come without permission. When the carriage started from the house of Mrs. Thompson he had run under it, and there he kept his place, trotting along about as fast as the horses. By doing this, he had remained out of sight until the carriage had arrived at the house of Mr. Goodhue, when he followed the family up the path toward the house.

As soon as Emeline saw Cesar following after her, she turned and bade him go home. He wagged his tail, and looked up at his young mistress in so imploring a manner, that Mary Frances begged Emeline to let him remain. Before Emeline could give her permission, Cesar slid down the path, ran around the house, and entered the kitchen by the back door. There he ran about, looking up at the joints of meat and snuffing the steam of the victuals at the fire a few moments, and then sat down in one corner, opening his mouth widely, putting out his long tongue, and breathing short, as if laughing for joy at having got into such good quarters. Little John, who happened to come into the kitchen soon afterward, went up to Cesar and taking hold of both his ears gave them a hard pull. Cesar rose to his feet, and at first gave a low growl and looked fiercely at the little boy, as if he had not been accustomed to such familiarity. But John did not understand these signs of displeasure. He put both arms around the dog's neck and squeezed him hard. Then Cesar put his nose to little John's face, and then to his hands, and seemed to perceive that the little boy intended no harm, for he did not growl any more, and permitted John to do what he pleased with him.

The children spent the afternoon in walking about the grounds, and gathering wild flowers.

The next morning, two young girls from a neighboring cottage joined the young people. Their names were Mary and Caroline Morse. They were lively girls, and soon proposed to go down by the pond in the meadow and have an apple-bake.

Mrs. Goodhue saw no particular objection to this proposal. She sent Betty into the garret who found a few of the last year's apples still remaining. These were given to the girls, and they set off in high spirits for the pond.

The little party made their fire under a large tree which stood within a stone's throw of the water. The fire was made in an old kettle, and a sheet of tin was placed over the top, upon which the apples were laid.

"Now," said Mary Morse, "we will cook our apples and have a feast."

"So we will," said Emeline Thompson, "but mother told me to be sure and take very good care of little Charles, for he is so bold that he will go anywhere if one does watch him."

"I think I must sweep up the house," said Mary Frances, using an old stub broom dexterously, with which she swept away the leaves from around their fire.

Thus the little girls continued to talk like young housewives, and enjoyed their situation greatly. While one ran to gather sticks, another laid them on the fire. One turned the apples to keep them from burning, and so give every part an opportunity to cook; while another brought large stones to sit upon. At last they all became seated around the fire, and watched the apples as the juices came boiling out and hissed and bubbled on the heated tin. Their conversation had become very animated, and they looked forward with pleasure to the time when their cookery should be finished. It was then that Cesar, the great dog, came slowly along, and seating himself in the circle, looked with great gravity towards the steaming apples.

"Go away, Cesar," cried Emeline, and she caught up a stick with which she was about to strike the dog and drive him away.

"Do not hurt him," said Mary Frances. "I am sure that he sits very quietly and does us no harm."

"I don't care," said Emeline, "I wont have a dog to sit up by the side of me."

She then struck Cesar a hard blow with the stick, and he walked away after bestowing a sad and mournful look upon his young mistress.

"I am sorry to see such a disposition in you, Emeline," said Mary Frances, "that poor dog was doing us no harm, and why should you wish to hurt an innocent animal?"

"Who ever heard of so much fuss about a good-for-nothing dog?" said Emeline, turning red with anger. But she soon turned pale, for she perceived that little Charles was missing. "Where is Charles? who has seen little Charley?" cried she in alarm.

Every one started to their feet and looked about them on every side, but no Charles was to be seen.

Emeline then ran towards the pond, and there she saw Charles playing on a large rock which overhung the water.

She ran toward him fearing that he would fall into the pond. She screamed to Charles who looked up and seeing her coming, ran directly towards the water in his playful endeavors to get out of Emeline's reach. In the next moment, the party saw Charles tumble from the rock into the water. They all set up a loud scream, and Emeline and Mary Frances ran swiftly toward the spot, but with little hope of saving Charles, as the water was very deep in that part of the pond. They reached the rock, and there they stood wringing their hands and screaming for help as loud as they could. Then a splash was heard at a little distance, and loooking around, the girls saw that Cesar had plunged from another rock into the water and was fast swimming to the spot where the child went down. But one of little Charley's arms was now seen thrust up into the air, and the top of his head appeared in view, his hair floating like sea-weed on the surface of the water.

At this moment the widow Thompson and Mrs. Goodhue were seen running over the meadow toward the pond. They reached the rock in time to see Cesar seize little Charley by the shoulder with his mouth. In a few moments the dog had brought Charley safely to the shore, and his mother caught him in her arms. The child was alive, and clung to his mother in terror.

"Oh! bless that brave dog!" said Mrs. Goodhue as she knelt upon the ground and kissed poor Cesar.

"And I!" said Emeline, "what a bad girl I have been! Oh! Cesar! how can I ever be so kind to you as you deserve?"

The Right Choice.

"Papa," said a son of the learned Bishop Berkeley to him, "papa, what is the meaning of Cherubim and Seraphim in the Scripture?"

"Cherubim, replied his father, "is a Hebrew word, signifying knowledge. Seraphim signifies flame, from which it is supposed that the Cherubim excel in knowledge, and the Seraphim in love to God."

"Oh! I hope then," said the child, "that when I die I shall be a Seraph, for I would rather love God than to know all things."

A MAN who mistrusts himself never truly confides in any one.

For the Myrtle.

The Pot of Gold.

"Where are you going in rain and cold?
The grass is wet, and the wind is chill."
"I'm going to fetch the pot of gold
At the end of the rainbow, on the hill.

"There's a pot of gold where the rainbow stops,
A thousand times they have told me true;
I'll run so fast I can dodge the drops,
And I'll bring all the glistening gold to you."

Ah, speed away on the hopeful track,
Sure and dazzling the prize is now; —
Weary and draggled you'll soon come back
Bringing no pot of gold, I trow.

And yet, little dreamer, I cannot doubt
There's a pot of gold at the rainbow's end,
If you and I could but find it out. —
That place where the earth and the heavens blend.

And so I shall soothe your sad surprise, —
I believe in the pot of gold, I say!
But every year the rainbow flies
Still higher up and farther away.

It bridges the sky from star to star;
It reaches over the earth and sea;
And we never can run so fast or far
As to find where the rainbow's end may be!

H. A. B.

———ooo———

Beware of Matches!

Two children were playing in a yard, when one found a bundle of little round sticks. For a while, they built houses and barns with them. But the sun shone down very hot, and they ran to the cool airy barn, full of new-mown hay, and began their building again.

Seon a cry was heard. A flame burst out the corner of the barn, and a wreath of smoke curled up. More flames, more smoke, followed. Loud cries were heard; neighbors rushed up; the children were rescued with difficulty; but the barn was soon a smouldering ruin.

What had the children been doing? What were the little round sticks? Matches! Did they know they were playing with matches?

Little boy, when a playmate slyly hints to you to cheat at a game of marbles, and you hesitate, then think you will, don't do it; don't yield. You may not know it; but you are playing with matches.

When the first wicked word trembles on your lips, don't say it. The first is but the forerunner of many. You may think one word is naught, but it is a match; don't set it on fire.

When boys tempt you to steal or to break the Sabbath, don't do it. These are all but matches of different kinds; matches that the Evil One loves to see men and children playing with, knowing they will soon, at a touch, break forth into consuming fury, wherefrom men shall escape with difficulty. Beware of playing with matches! — *Well-Spring.*

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The artist who aspires to immortality leaves his name on a corner of his canvas; so the pen of inspiration has inscribed the name of Jesus upon all that we see.

For the Myrtle.

Stealing Fruit.

NEARLY opposite my window, on the further side of the street, is a fruit-garden having a high fence with a latticed top between it and the sidewalk. Above the top of the fence grows a pear tree and hangs its fruit just over the edge.

It would be a great temptation to fruit-loving boys, if the fence were not so high. But I saw a scene over there the other day that is good enough to be told in a story.

Looking up from my work I saw two ragged little street boys under this pear-tree, one mounting the other's back in leap-frog fashion, "What *are* they trying to do?" thought I.

Slowly the one who had the other on his back straightened up, bracing himself against the fence. Then the other mounted his shoulders, first on his knees, then on his feet. Then he began to reach up for the lattice. He could not reach it. Then the under boy braced firmer and the other stepped up on his head. Then he could just reach the lattice. The under boy put up his hands and gave him a final boost. The upper boy went up the lattice hand over hand, drew up his feet with a mighty effort, planted them in the lattice-work and there he was!

Then there was a twitching at the limbs of the pear-tree. One, two, three, pears I saw drop into the boy's hat on the ground. My eyes were turned another way for a moment, and when I looked back I expected to see the boy just dropping to the ground and both running away with their fruit. I thought no eye had seen them but mine, and I was rather pleased to have them get away, wrong as it was. They had had such very hard work for a few little green pears!

But on the instant a fine-looking gentleman had appeared, — I don't know where from, or how he had seen them, — and had them both by the shoulder. One was crowded up against the fence; the other had fallen on his knees with his hands uplifted and was crying lustily. It was the only sound I heard in all the scene, for they were too far away for me to hear the talking. It was just a pantomime.

The man lifted the little fellow from his knees and then he talked to them a long time, never letting go his hold of them. I think he preached them quite a sermon on the sin of stealing. Meanwhile everybody who came along stopped to see what the trouble was. A man with an umbrella come along, and he took hold of the little boys too, and joined in the talk. Another man came, and the man with the umbrella told him about it, pointing with his umbrella first at the boys, then at the pear-tree. Three little girls came by, and they all stopped and went round and round the boys and looked very sorry and frightened. An old negro woman came, and showed more pity in her motherly black face than all the rest. Meanwhile the boys kept on crying, and seemed to shrink within themselves and grow smaller every minute.

Finally the whole procession went down the street, the man holding the boys by the hand, the three little girls following close behind, then the men, half-a-dozen of them by this time, and last of all, the old negro woman. What they

did with the boys I don't know, but the pears were all left on the ground.

Didn't I wish for an artist to draw those three pictures for you! First, the boys climbing the fence. Second, the boys in the gentleman's grasp, one against the fence, the other on his knees. Third, the procession going down the street. I thought they would make good illustrations of the text "The way of the transgressor is hard." Poor little fellows, my heart ached for them all the afternoon. But I laid up the lesson for myself. Such a cheat, I said, is wrong-doing always. We get not even the pleasure we are working for — and so much misery of every kind, ending no one knows where!

It made me think of another Bible text, too, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Nothing is hidden from the eye of God, and not often from the eyes of men. I was reading last week of some boys stealing apples from an orchard on a lonely hill, out of sight of every one, as they thought; but an astronomer seven miles away, looking towards the hill with his telescope could all the time see them so distinctly as to tell who they were. And this was well compared to the all-seeing eyes, that "are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Another story, which our artist has pictured for us shows how some boys come near betraying themselves in a very funny way.

They had been to market and were returning home with their empty baskets, when they passed an orchard where the apples were being gathered. The ladders were still standing among the trees and the best trees still ungathered, but the men had all gone to the house with a load. They climbed softly over the fence and set one to watch while the other two filled the baskets; and then they hurried on home with their spoil, thinking no one would be the wiser.

One of the boys was the nephew of the minister, and the jeweller at the village had given him his uncle's watch to take home that afternoon. When he got home he was so busy hiding away his apples that he did not think of the watch until late in the evening. When he did think of it, and put his hand to his vest, watch and chain were gone!

He thought instantly of the orchard. What if he had lost it there? They would think his uncle had been stealing their apples! Horrible! He must search for it that very night. He went and told his trouble to the other boys and they were equally frightened, and all agreed to go and hunt for it together before light. We will pass over that miserable night. A hundred times as many apples would not have paid them for what they suffered.

Before light they were in the orchard. They found the tree, and two felt under it while the other went up where he had picked the apples. What do you suppose he did? He put his ear to the limbs here and there, and listened. Presently he heard a soft tick, tick. He felt along, and there was the watch, hanging by its chain over the limb. It was a happy moment for those below when they heard him whisper "Gracious, boys, I've found it!" Lucky for them that it was so late when they did their mischief that no apples had been gathered afterwards. But the possibility of betraying themselves in such a strange way as this so impressed their minds and consciences, that they never stole fruit again. They had found out the great truth that it is never safe to do wrong. *H. A. B.*

Noble Answer; or a Gold Watch.

Not long ago we heard the following touching incident: —

A little boy had signed the pledge. A gentleman, if we can call him such, said, "I can get that boy to drink wine."

So he filled a glass and offered it to him; but the noble boy refused it, saying, "I have signed the pledge."

"I will give you half a crown, if you will drink."

"No, sir, I will not drink."

"I will give you a crown."

"No, sir."

The gentleman then pulled out his silver watch, and said,

"I will give you this silver watch if you will drink."

That was quite a temptation to the boy, but, instead of yielding, he replied,

"Sir, if I *don't* drink, I may some day have a GOLD WATCH."

THERE was a desire on the part of a teacher to make a scholar understand what conscience is. She said, "What makes you feel bad after you have done wrong?"

"My papa," said the youth, feelingly.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW YORK.

—At Orangeville no pastor is settled, but a live Sunday School is kept up. The Cleaveland, Ohio, pastor visited it lately, and gives an excellent report of its work. The school joined with the Baptist school of Spring Valley in a pleasant excursion and picnic at a neighboring grove, August 19.

—Our Sunday School at Nyack joined with the Methodist school of the same place in an excursion, August 13. Everything passed pleasantly, as is usually the case when these Christian courtesies take place.

OHIO.

—The Woodstock Sunday School has lately met with two very pleasant courtesies. The Sunday School Convention of the county, made up of the "evangelical" schools, and having only this one Universalist School within its borders, had a serious debate two years since as to whether this school should be recognized. The Christian spirit conquered and the Woodstock delegates are now received as members of the Convention. Indeed one session of the Convention has been held in the Woodstock church.

On the Fourth of July a picnic of all the schools of the adjoining county was held at Milford. So friendly was the feeling towards the Woodstock School that although in another county it was specially invited and went in large force. Twenty-five hundred people were present at this picnic, and our friends had their full share of the good time.

IOWA.

—A small Sunday School at Castalia under a faithful band of teachers is doing good work. Preaching is had once a month. But on the other Sundays the reading of sermons, and religious services, in connection with the Sunday School, are doing much more for the cause than preaching at such long intervals could do alone. It is a good example to follow.

—The pastor at Dubuque writes of his Sunday School. "We observed the usual Children's day in the church. The school has also had its annual excursion, down the Mississippi river. We have lately purchased a new Prince organ, and improved the session-room at an expense of two hundred dollars. We have adopted the uniform lessons."

KANSAS.

—The little Sunday School at Lawrence has passed through many trials the past years, but preserves its numbers and courage intact and is hopeful of better days. The troubles about the church closed its doors against them a part of the time, and the sessions of the school were in a hall. Concerts and social entertainments were held at private residences. Since early spring they have been again in their church, and Easter services, a temperance concert and children's Sunday have been much enjoyed. The membership is sixty. One hundred books have been added to the library during the year, partly by donations from the Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, schools."

Bereavements.

Death is busy in our Sunday School ranks. Besides the little ones to whom this season of the year is especially fatal many good workers of older years have been lately called to the home above.

The Sunday School at Auburn, Maine, has had a great loss in the death, by accident, of its acting Superintendent, Mr. Charles A. Harlow. He was a young man of great promise, and very active in the work of the church. He was a member of the church choir, and superintendent of a rural mission school, as well as the large school connected with the church. He had also just opened Sunday afternoon services in the Auburn jail where he hoped to do much good. Among his last words were, —"The meetings at the jail must be kept up."

Rev. Mr. Munson writes that it was a favorite idea of Bro. Harlows' that all our Sunday Schools should sing the same hymns each Sabbath, as well as recite the same lesson. He says "We know what hymn and tune he would have suggested for the last Sunday in August. This month we are learning about 'The Power of Jesus'—over the Sabbath, over nature, over demons, over death. On this last Sunday Bro. Harlow would have said, 'Let us sing, with Coronation,

'"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"'

Shall not thirty thousand swell the chorus? Let us sing it in honor to Christ and in memory of our brother."

The church and Sunday School at North Adams, Mass., meets with a similar bereavement in the death of the pastor's son, Nelson B. Holmes, aged 18 years. His father writes very touchingly of the noble character of this son, of the abundant promise he gave of future usefulness in the world, and in the church of Christ in which he hoped to be a minister; and of the many fond hopes that are cut off by his early death. He was a fine musician, a member of the choir, and of the Sunday School, and active in the Sunday School. His death was probably caused by his incessant watching over a younger brother, sick with diphtheria, from whom he took the fatal disease.

A Help.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching today," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to try to understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, my little ones; and when you go to church, or chapel, fix your eyes on the minister and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to the grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones."

Beautiful and touching are the words once uttered by a worthy Quaker in counsel to a young Christian: "I expect to pass through this world but once; and if, therefore, there can be any kindness I can show, or anything I can do, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

All difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says of temptation, like the lion which met Samson; the first time we encounter them they roar and gnash their teeth; but, when once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them.

Death of John the Baptist.

MARK vi. 20–29.

In our "lesson-talk" for July 5, we had the story of the public ministry of John the Baptist, the fore-runner of Jesus. We come now to the last brief account that is given of him, the account of his death. For he who was the first to preach the new gospel of righteousness was the first to be a martyr for its sake. Long before Jesus himself or any of his disciples had given their lives for their cause, this brave and faithful John the Baptist had sealed his testimony with his blood. When he first saw Jesus drawing the multitudes after him, he had said to his own disciples, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Let us see how quickly and sadly this prophecy was fulfilled.

In this province of Galilee where John and Jesus now abode, Herod Antipas was governor, or king. He was a younger son of that great Herod who was king of Judea when Jesus was born, and who had ordered the slaughter of the children: and he was therefore the younger brother of the Archelaus who now "[reigned in Judea in his father's stead."

This Herod Antipas may not have been as cruelly wicked as his father, but he was a weak and wicked man. The sin for which John the Baptist reproved him was that he had taken away from another older brother, Herod Philip, his wife, Herodias, and had married her himself. For this sin John, with his faithfulness and severity had rebuked him openly: but he only said what Herod knew before, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." At this Herodias was very angry. Whether it was the prophet's words or her own conscience that accused her most, we cannot tell; but in her fury she sought to kill John. In this she was more wicked than her husband, or more angry. As for the king, he respected John all the more because he was just and holy. He "heard him gladly" and "did many things" that he advised. So he would not kill him, but only put him into prison, and this for the sake of Herodias.

But the king was weak and proud and full of vanity, and in the midst of all these troubles he made a great feast, and invited to it all the princes and nobles of Galilee. Wine flowed freely and before the feast was done the king became drunken, with all the rest. No women were allowed at the feast, but when they became merry in their revels he sent for the daughter of Herodias to come in and dance before them. We know nothing of this young girl Salome, but what is here recorded, but she must have been a giddy and wicked girl, as might be expected from such a mother. Her dancing pleased the revellers so much, that the king in the extravagance of drunkenness promised her with a great oath, to give her whatever she asked for, if it was half of his kingdom. Of course he would not have made this promise in his right mind. Alas how many of the follies and crimes of the world are due to the demon of strong drink!

The girl, dazzled by this splendid promise, and afraid she might not ask wisely, went to her mother. This wicked woman saw her opportunity. Now she would have her revenge! Now the king should do what she could not make him do before! She said to her daughter, "Ask for John the Baptist's head."

Did the young Salome realize how dreadful was this message? Did she understand that it was for her own father's sake that the prophet had condemned her mother's sin? We cannot know her feelings. We only know that she went back from her mother to the king and said "Give me John the Baptist's head on a charger."

This startling request had the effect to sober the drunken king. He felt now what he had done. He was "exceeding sorry." But he thought he must keep his oath. Must he? What if she had asked for his own life? Of course it would have been more righteous to break the promise in spite of his oath and the presence of all his nobles than to have kept it to another's hurt. But Herod was weak: he was jealous of his kingly power, he was afraid of his nobles; he was perhaps afraid of Herodias. Perhaps also he did not wish it to appear that he did not know what he said when he made the promise. For all these reasons he "would not reject her." So he sent and beheaded John in the prison.

The executioners brought the head in a platter to Salome, and she carried it to her mother. What they did with the ghastly gift the record does not tell. If they had it borne quickly out of their sight, we think the memory of it must have remained to haunt them all their days. But when John's own disciples heard of their master's fate, they came and bore away his body and tenderly buried it.

This is the record of the first of Christ's martyrs. He died for speaking the simple words of right. We know not how he met his fate. There is no last scene, no dying words. As in the case of Moses, and of most of the great men of the Bible, nothing is said about how he died, but a great deal about how he lived. It is a part of the great Christian lesson that it matters not so much how we die as how we live. The fate of John seemed dreadful then; but how much more dreadful is the fate of Herodias and her daughter whose wickedness is remembered against them through all these ages!

Answer.

AUGUST 29. Dura; Abdon; Machir; Abner; Salem; Calf; Ulai; Sin *Damascus.*

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